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WHITE WAVE,

OR THE

LAST TRYST ON THE SENECA,

—BY—

EDGAR S. MATTISON.

WITH OTHER POEMS.

33

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WE CRAVE

THE CHARITABLE INDULGENCE OF

AMERICANS.

WHITE WAVE;

OR THE

LAST TRYST ON THE SENECA.

IN the western sky the sunset
Showered o'er the scene a spray of gold,
Tinged with dashes of rich crimson
Ta'en from the sun-god's banner fold.
Far across the azure heavens
The clouds like blazing scrolls unrolled.

And the lake caught the reflections
Upon its dimpling silver screen;
Flashing back from off its mirror
The glory sky and fringing green:
Like a bright nymph of the forest,
Lay fair Seneca's glassy sheen.

There the wild duck, slowly sailing,
Across the gold and carmine wake,
Like a winged fairy galley
On some bright Utopian lake,
While about her, 'mid the ripples,
Like glinting gems the sunbeams break.

Here goes down a crested diver,
Beneath a little shower of spray,
Leaving only circling wavelets
Slow curling outward o'er the bay—
Yonder, far away in distance,
The strange bird leaps into the day.

And here the lake trout, upward springing,
Swings its bright form upon the sight,
Golden sparkles from it dripping
Within the molten sunset light;
Then, in cool depths disappearing,
Leaves o'er it waters flashing bright.

'There a swift canoe of birchen,
Like fleeting shadow flies the wave,
'Neath the stroke of paddle pinions
Strongly urged by a tawny brave;
Singing low, to time his motions,
The wild notes of a savage stave.

The smoke, rising, twining, curling,
Above the skirting forest trees,
Like thin azure flags unfurling
In the breath of the evening breeze,
Shows where, within the wood,
The wigwams of the Indians stood.

'Bout midway down the sunset lake,
That side where tints of morning break,
A singing stream, through ravine dim,
Foaming upon the broad lake's brim,
Laughs out upon the ruddy light,
And merges in the wave from sight.

Back from Seneca's pebbly shore,
'Mid towering rocks the waters roar,
Down cascade pathway till like milk
And waving like a scarf of silk;—
O'er the dark pool the froth flecks spread,
Where rests the singing Silver Thread.
'Twas like a weird romantic dream
Lulled by the chiming of the stream,
Where mystic shades 'neath gray crags grim,
Quivered upon the twilight's rim:—
With gentle stroke and elfin spell
The throbbing of the thrush's bell.

The dancing of the maple leaves,
  Clinging from rifts amid the stones;
The air-sprite in the cedar grieves,
  And 'mid the clifts chants monotones.

Beside the ripples of the pool
  That laves the foot of the cascade,

On mossy rock 'mid shadows cool,
Sits a pretty Indian maid.

Her dark eyes glow but lips are mute,
As the wind-hand sweeps the pine tree's lute.
The parted lips of rosy hue,
'Tween which the foam-white teeth peep through;
The bright eyes kissed with diamond dew,
Soft slumbered 'neath their jetty light;
Dusky cheeks with rich blushes swarm,
Red rose 'neath bronze crape glowing warm;
Falling about her sylph-like form,
Her silken locks of ebon night.

From her ears hung thin rings of gold,
And, spangled o'er her tunic's fold,
Bright beads of ev'ry tint and hue
Grouped on the soft cloth of dark blue;
Small silver bracelets brightly spanned
The wrist above the shapely hand;

Leggins and dainty moccasins,
Formed from the young fawn's silk-like skins,
Worked with small shells that pearly shine
'Mong tinted quills of the porcupine:—
'Tis WHITE WAVE—Panther Heart's daughter—
Whose regal lodge stands by the shore
Of Seneca's silver water.

The sire is like a sturdy oak,
Unbent by Time or lightning scath;
His steely nerves remain unbroke
By wounds upon the red war-path;
His shrill wild yell calls to his side
A band of braves, all fierce and tried,
Who rule the forest far and wide.

And Panther Heart, proud of station,
In the councils of his nation,
Scowls like brow of lowering night
And hurls his hatchet for the fight.
Of lion part, nor does there rest
Pity for captives held in thrall,

While cruel rankliugs in his breast,
Doth for the hottest torture call;
With fiendish joy looks on the sight
Where knives and war clubs hack and maim,
Till, 'mid the fire-brands' gory light,
The victim roasts on slowest flame.
No smiles were ever seen to play
Around his lips, where grim shades lay,
Save, like glimpses of winter sun
Upon a cragged, sterile wild,
When, only when he looked upon
His loved White Wave, his only child.
His young squaw, forty moons before,
Fell prone and lifeless on the shore—
A feather-winged and flint-tipped dart
Reeking within her bleeding heart,
Sent by the strong unerring hand
Of one who led a hostile band;
But scarcely had the arrow sped
Ere he was gathered to the dead,
And ere his torn heart ceased to beat,

Panther Heart stamped it 'neath his feet.
The victor, with his hatchet raised,
Holding the gory scalp on high,
While fires of demons fairly blazed
From out his wild, unearthly eye,
Swore, by the power above the sky,
Never to take the pipe of peace,
Or to the captive give release,
Until his red avenging hand
Should slay the last one of the band
That stopped his flow of golden joy,
And slew the pride of the Iroquois.

White Wave grew a child of nature,
Motherless, in the wildwood bower,
A bright, active, winsome creature,
Graceful as the sweet wild flower;—
Panther Heart gave fond looks of pride
As White Wave rambled at his side.
Her mother's form and face she bore,
Kindling mem'ry in the father's heart;

Each moment, 'long the pebbly shore,
Proclaimed her Fleetfoot's second part.

But years had come and fled away—
With azure skies and cloudland gray,
With summer's sultry tears and smiles,
And snow wraiths howling through the wilds,
Buds bursting from a soil of brown,
Through painted leaves nuts patt'ring down.

White Wave, a maiden ripe for love,
With heart as pure as skies above,
Must own at last that Cupid's dart
Has found an entrance to her heart:
Young Ravenfeather's manly form
Looms up amid her love dreams warm.—
His dark eyes are glorious now,
Flashing like eagle's 'neath his brow;
Amid red death his wild war cry
Rings where the blows fall thick and fast,

Piercing the very clouds on high
And in the mountains echoing last;
Down from his belt the jet hair flows
That once adorned his smitten foes;
His lodge pole, too, his prowess shows;
Well known and feared, this savage brave;
But when he speaks to the White Wave,
His voice sinks low in accents sweet,
Like moss-fringed rill in wild retreat;
His smile is as the morning beam
Shot from the sun, and caught in flight
Upon a molten silver stream
Haloed about by fog-wraith white;
His touch as gentle as a maid
Ere felt within the trysting shade.

White Wave hears the tread of feet,
Crushing dead leaves toward her retreat,
And eyes beam with a happy light
As Ravenfeather steps in sight
From 'mid a clump of cedar trees

That moan low in the evening breeze;
Springing from stone to stone across,
Drops on the bed of soft green moss,
Beside the rock, where sits the maid
That charmed him through the tangled glade.

Sweet to the hearts of those that love,
The wood retreat, in dim twilight;
With star rays twinkling from above,
Athwart the velvet verge of night;
When arm in arm and heart to heart,
And vows are bubbling low and sweet;
When sigh and whisper play their part,
When kisses long and ardent meet,
While thrills fly to the finger tips:
Magnetic clinging of the lips;
How, on the streams of moonbeams white,
Fancy's swift galleys come in sight,
Bearing bright future, rose-twined views
Sparkling with richest nectar dews,—
E'en sands within the glass of Time

Charms with the pureness of its chime—
Sweeter than in the Hebrides,
Where sand-lyre sings beneath the breeze.

Thus, with these, the two dark lovers,
Trysting within the rocky dell;
By their side the cascade, chanting,
Flung weird about a mystic spell,
Heightened by the twinkling vespers
Of the brown night-bird's mellow bell.

Ah! 'tis best to love unconscious
Of the fierce danger lurking near;—
'Tween the tangled cedar branches
Two black and snaky eye-balls peer,
Flaming with such bitter hatred
That the soft scene grows chill with fear.

Little-bear, the Mohawk chieftan,
Captured by cool Owasco's side,
By the Senecas adopted,

Craves the fair White Wave as his bride;
But in vain has been his wooing,
His suit, unwished for, is denied.

Filled his heart with threats of vengeance
For his brave rival s tti:g there,
And, like wild beast glaring outward,
He moved uneasy in his lair;
Clenched the handle of his hatchet
And poised it midway in the air;—

Sent it hissing through the moonbeams—
Flashing like a meteor light—
But a thin bough caught the weapon
And kindly glanced it to the right,
Sev'ring from the warrior's forehead
A slender lock as black as night.

Ravenfeather, swiftly leaping,
With drawn knife, scans the thicket o'er;
But the hidden, snake-like craven

Amid the shadows lurks no more—
With cat steps he swift emerges
Upon the pebbles of the shore.

Well he knew the erring hatchet
Would tell the owner and foul play:—
Hurried on with hasty striding
Where his canoe 'mid shadows lay,
And, with swift propeling paddle,
O'er moonlit waters sped away.

But the charmed love match is broken—
A thorn has entered through the dream—
And in silence, stealthy creeping
Along the border of the stream,
Till they see the lapping ripples
Laughing within the mild moonbeam.

Swift they search, with anxious glances,
Before they take the parting kiss,
And in moon-rays lying silent,

Naught is seen that seems amiss;—
But the venture of the evening
Pours gall into their cup of bliss.

Dark the scowling on the faces
Of the warriors gathered nigh,
Where the council fire was blazing,
Out underneath the summer sky:
Heard the story, and decided
That the Little-bear must die.

We'll not follow in the footsteps
Of those who sought the Little-bear,
Where they lurked amid the thickets,
Or crossed the blue lake here and there;—
But they failed to find the trail-path
That led into the hidden lair.

* * *

Time sped; the mild months passed away;
Amid the old routine no break,

Save passage of the wandering spirit
Condemned to travel 'round the lake.
Once it had passed, and straining eyes
Had watched the phantom fall and rise,
As with slow, steady pace it bore
Its lone way to the southern shore.
Agayentha's sprite, the legend said,
Sentenced to wander from his deep green bed,
Suspended in the water cold and clear,
Sad and lone, for many an untold year.

Golden October wove her tinted screen,
Crimson and yellow 'mid the woodland green,
Squirrels were chatt'ring in the acorn wilds,
Brown nuts were patt'ring in the forest aisles,
The ruffl'd grouse whirr'd as footfalls echoed near,
And through the glade bounded the timid deer,
On the wings of the autumnal breeze
The painted leaves went whirling from the trees.
Like a picture, Seneca's sheen unrolled,
In a framework of green, crimson and gold,

And her mirror depths reflected each dye
From the tinted wood to the hazy sky,
And sunset burned a radiant wake
Of glory athwart the painted lake.

'Twas evening now, and the purple light
Waved her torch on the threshold of the night;
Sacred twilight hour when fond lovers meet
To tell o'er their love in the still retreat.
Bright Hesper just weaving her vesper spell,
Along the verge of heaven's deep'ning shell,—
When a canoe shot out from 'neath the shade,
Bearing the warrior and his dusky maid;
But a few swift strokes, and the birchen boat
Was left for soft zephyr hands to float.
Ravenfeather drew from his wampum beads
A slender flute, cut from amid the reeds,
Adorned with feathers of many a hue
That waved and fluttered as the player blew,
Sweetly as birds the morning greet,

From 'mid the rose-blooms gay and fair,
The gentle love-tune, low and sweet,
Caressed the pulsing evening air;
Above, the star-hands, one by one,
Lit the far points of dripping light
Until the sky and yielding deep
Burned o'er with torchlights sparkling bright.
The lover ceased (and flute laid by);
He said, with love glance in his eye,

"Oft do I think, when far and wide
The stars lie on the silver tide,
Of an old legend told to me
When captive to the Cherokee:
How water lilies had their birth
Amid the sweet blooms of the earth;
How first on pools they came to glow,
Full many a thousand moons ago.
The Cherokee, with awe-struck eye,
Gazing upon the evening sky,
Sees in each brightly beaming star
A warrior's spirit roaming far,

Upon the blessed shining shore—
Living and happy evermore.
One night, when heaven's azure wall
Blazed with those lights that winking glance,
The Cherokees held festival,
And feet tripped in the merry dance,—
When, toward the southland, low in air,
A brilliant star burst forth in sight—
Largest of all, and strangely fair,
A prince amid the flames of night.
Each eye, with wond'ring, silent gaze,
Was riveted upon the blaze;
Then hum of voices 'gan to flow
In awesome whispers, trembling low—
Each one of each, that they might know
The secret of that golden gem
That crowned, with light, eve's diadem;
But none was found who erst might tell
The mystic cause or magian spell
That brought that form on shores of night,
Above the mountain's fringed height.

For hours they looked—then silent crept
Into each lodge, and wearied slept.

A handsome youth, the Sachem's kin,
While dreaming on his panther skin,
Beheld a vision bright and fair
Hang o'er him in the sable air.
He saw the star, whose heavenly light
Burned great athwart the pulsing night,
Approach his couch side, and, behold!
A goddess with long wings of gold.
Her eyes like stars in jasper set,
Her lips, rose leaves with dewdrops wet,
Adown her shoulders smooth and fair
Rippled a wealth of raven hair,
Her voice like singing of the flowers
That bloom within the spirit bowers:
She whispered in his youthful ear
Her blessed birth and mission here;
How she upon the mountain stood
And viewed the children of the wood,

And saw the Cherokees were good.
She, guardian of childhood's hour,
Wished to dwell in some forest bower,
That she might to the children be
Their tender nurse and deity.

The vision sped; the youth awoke,
And in the solemn council broke
Unto the tribe his wondrous dreams
That shimmered in the dawning's beams.
All hearts rejoiced, and quickly sent
A band, that through the forest went,
Guided by day by mountains' height
And by the spirit eyes at night,
Until, one evening, as the blest
Sun sank down in the crimson west,
They halted at the mountain's crest
Before that being brighter far
Than silver moon or flaming star,
And on their faces falling prone
They worshiped in an awestruck tone.

Rise, quoth the spirit, let's away ;
My shining crown will light your way ;
Eclipsing far the moonlight pale
That stalks along your woodland trail.

* * *

Their journey o'er, the goddess chose
Her bower where a sweet wild rose
Grew out, upon the valley's brim
Beside a mystic cavern's rim.
There, through many a summer day,
The children gathered in their play—
Their guileless pranks and happy wiles
Illumined by the spirit's smiles.
Wearied, at last, of her retreat,
To the calm lake bent her dancing feet.
Haloed about with sunny joys
Of laughing little maids and boys,
And pausing where the ripples chime
Along the beach their silver rhyme,
She told her charge her time to leave

Had come at last; they must not grieve—
She'd leave behind a token sweet,
Upon the broad lake's azure sheet,
Sent from the bowers where spirits dwell;—
And, smiling, bade them each farewell.
Then, in a shower of glory bright,
'Mid circling waves, she sank from sight—
And sudden, 'neath sunset light,
The lake bore lilies pure and white;
The children cried, in joy's surprise:
Behold our spirit's white star eyes!—
Thus, do I think, when far and wide
The stars lie on the silver tide,
How water-lilies had their birth
Amid the fragrant blooms of earth."

Then silent sat, while golden thought
A bright spell 'round their love life wrought;
So rapt, the lovers did not see
The baleful face of destiny.
No eye had seen the waving wake,

Where softly crept the crafty snake,
Till hissing of the winged dart
That cleft the warrior's dreaming heart.
With gurgling death-yell, shrieking wide,
Ravenfeather sank beneath the tide,
And White Wave, stunned, with eyes of fright,
Peered through the dim, uncertain light,
And saw a swift boat shooting near,
Along the surface of the mere;
Within it knew the Little-bear,
The skulking demon of the lair.
All fear was passed—now trembling now
As fierce hand grasped the stiffened bow,
And swiftly from the twanging string
Sent a sharp arrow on the wing.
One scream of pain—one leap in air—
'Mid closing waves a smothered moan;—
Again the starlit lake was fair,
And White Wave stood erect—alone.
Reason had fled; her maiden brow

Was wreathed with maniac madness now;
Upon the bell of midnight rang
Wild words, as she her death-dirge sang:

My hand hath slain the crested snake
That filled my heart with mad'ning pain;
Deep, deep he lies within the lake—
He ne'er shall breathe the light again.

My love has gone, and wanders far,
Along the blessed shores of night;
His head is crowned with diamond star—
He basks within the spirit's light.

He beckons me to come to him,
Across the wave of chilling fears,
Nor let my sparkling eyes grow dim
Within the vale of long, long years.

I come, my love! yes, close to thee
I'll wander 'mid the fragrant flowers;

Wait 'neath the throbbing waves for me,
And lead me to the blessed bowers.
Lo, Death, I come!

She clasped her hands, and, with a leap,
The waters closed above her form;
Amid the lake caves, in chill sleep,
The heart that once throbbed fond and warm.

* * *

Morning dawns, and with the rising sun
Comes booming of the weird "lake gun";
The fog, like white-robed spirit fair,
Climbs up the stairway of the air;
The wild red deer that stoops to drink
On bright Seneca's silver brink,
Raises his head, while sparkling drips
The water from his ebon lips,
And looks out where a birch boat lays,
Keel upward, in the morning's blaze.

Upon it sits, with plumage white,
A dreaming gull, like carved sprite—
The spirit—so the maidens say—
Of her who in death's silence lay
Beneath Seneca's azure water:—
Loving White Wave, the chieftain's daughter.

The Old Envelopes.

SPYING a pile of envelopes to-day,
That in an old box had tumbled down,
Tossing them over in a careless way,
The white, the lemon, the pink and the brown.

When Fancy spread out her wings on the air,
Pulsing with sighs from the cloudland all gloom,
Wreathing imagery 'round the hot brow of care,
Filling with faces the desolate room.

Here is one with delicate tracery,
Accepting my escort down to the lake;
A fair face it brings—tinted by memory,
Though the tide of the years over it break.

This one (the brown one with the fruit border)
Came when on business in a far away land,
Stating the goods sent to my order—
"Hoping to receive more soon, from my hand."

This pink one bore the fun of a playmate
Years ago lost in the world's busy throng.
And this one came from a far distant state,
When the gory waves of war foamed along.

That one held the last lines of a hero
Who fell, 'mid musketry's flash, at his post.
This one came from white-sanded Edisto,
When troops of the Union camped on the coast.

And this bore to my heart sad revealing,
Snapping the love-strings that clung to the heart;
Bringing remorse with bitterest feeling,
Causing the sob and the tear-drop to start.

Thus on and on, o'er the heap of waste paper,
Dreaming I sit till the twilight wanes gray;
Unheeded the hand that lighteth the taper,
The heart, with the thoughts, are 'mid scenes far away.

The Ruined Cot in the Vale.

WITHIN a vale, we paused to rest
'Neath shadow of a spreading pine,
Where at our feet, with sparkling breast,
A brook danced in the warm sunshine.

It was a peaceful, calm retreat,
Far from the tread of busy feet;
No turmoil from the world of man
Broke in upon this quiet nook,

Only the wild wind's rustling fan,
The chiming of the woodland brook,
And rich bird song within the bowers,
Wrought magic 'mid the golden hours.
Upon a little velvet green
The ruins of a cot was seen,
Along whose wall a grape-vine hung
And in the breeze its clusters swung.
Close by the walk that led before,
From gateway to the shattered door,
Grew tangled rose-trees, blushing red
Above a little violet bed;
Enshrined in grass and golden-rod,
That sprang up from the unkept sod.
And just beyond, 'neath woodbine, lay
A rustic arbor in decay.

Behind the cot, the brooklet turns
Amid the roots and mossy stones,
O'erhung by plumes of curling ferns
And the flat cedar's sighing moans;

From brook sprang up the mountain's height,
Piercing the heart of gold sunlight
With ragged trees and rough gray rock
That had withstood the lightning's shock;
On all sides of the clearing stood
The green robed monarchs of the wood.

There is a tale—(Lavina said,
Sinking upon a mossy bed,
While the warm sun-rays flamed with gold
The tresses that, in many a fold,
Haloed about her shapely head)—
Told of a maiden sweet and fair,
With eyes of night snd jetty hair,
That li ed, once,'where yon clinging vine
Doth 'round the ruined wall entwine:
Bright Edna, full of life and mirth,
Whose blithe songs, ringing rich and clear,
Echoed through wildwood far and near;
A hunter's daughter fond and true,
As innocent as morning dew;

The mother's soul had winged from earth,
The morn that gave sweet Edna birth.—
The love that spanned the gentle wife
Clung close about the maiden's life,
Who grew up in the flowery wilds,
Blooming beneath the father's smiles.
Strong was the love that firmly bound
That young heart in its daily round;
And, in life of quiet pleasure,
Days came and went in peaceful measure,
Bright'ning and fading, as all days will,
From sunrise crest to sunset hill.

At last, a day brought to this spot
New scenes to inmates of the cot:
A young man, crowned with easy grace,
Of happy mould and manly face,—
Young Carlton, who had come to spend
A few weeks with his father's friend,
To chase the wild deer and the bear
From forest glade and mountain lair,

And drink in health with purest air;
Too young for heart to take alarm
And full of impulse quick and warm,
  Carlton, as days went speeding by,
    Felt deep the wound of Cupid's dart;
  Oft from his lips escaped the sigh,
    And rose-dreams twined about his heart.
And gentle Edna, blushing, knew
Her inmost soul was throbbing through
With sweeter pictures than e'en day
Had woven 'mid the flowers of May;
  And oft they strolled when dewy eves
    Were deep'ning in the sylvan dell,
  Thro' whose thick branches night-wind grieves,
    Laden with strokes of night-bird's bell,
And there had ta'en long draughts of love;
While, 'mid the stars that shone above,
Had Fancy, with her matchless dyes,
Sketched swift, before their trusting eyes,
Fairer scenes than e'er magian wand
Hath called to birth in fairy land.—

At length the eve of parting came,
And Carlton, urged by quenchless flame,
Sought, in the ardent lover's way,
For loved Edna to name the day
To bind their lives in wreath of bliss,
And urged his suit with many a kiss.
Though Edna's love was pure and bright,
Within its first, most holy light,
No bliss that framed the happy bride
Could make her leave and wander wide
From father's gaze and loving side,
Who would not leave his chosen hills
To share the social blights and ills,
If all the treasure of the world
And thrones were in his pathway hurled.
Edna, his life, his light, his all—
Should she but go, his blinding tears
Would weave a black and heavy pall
To cling o'er tomb of coming years—
Yes, they could love: but they must wait;
And as young Carlton closed the gate

Upon his back, that parting morn,
Fond Edna, with lone heart forlorn,
Fled to her room, and bitter tears,
The first that in her maiden years
Had fall'n on web of hopes and fears,
Came swift unto her heart's relief.

* * *

'Mid lights and shades the yeaas went on,
Wreathing the earth with sobs and sm les,
And still the aged hunter won
Trophies from out the woodland aisles.
Fair Edna, grown to woman's state,
With ripened grace and gentle mein,
Wept not hot tears upon her fate,
Nor would she 'low her heart to lean
From the fond heart whose silver hairs
Were floating down life's trembl'ng stairs.

At last the day that comes to all,
Wrapped close around with sable pall,

Stole in on shadows, cold and gray,
That o'er the sylvan valley lay;
And Edna stood, with tearful moan,
Draped in deep mourning bands, alone,
The only mourner, where friends made
A grave within the wildwood shade;
And when the twilight shadows dim
Were trembling 'long the mountain's brim,
Fair Edna crept, with swollen eyes,
Out underneath the fading skies,
To where the cedar's mournful sound
Sobbed low above the fresh-made mound,
And, bending low "beneath the rod,"
She knelt and kissed the leafy sod,
And poured out her heart, in tears, to God;
Nor heard the one that by her knelt,
Nor knew, till on her brow she felt
A tender kiss, as soft and sweet
As zephyr in the flower's retreat;
Nor did her heart feel strange alarms—
For well she knew those clasping arms;

And once again her head was pressed
Upon fond Carlton's manly breast.
The years have streaked his locks with gray,
Still, warm his love as on that day
He turned him from this vale's delight
With love heart wrapped in tearful night.

And Edna went, a trusting bride,
Out in the world by Carlton's side.

Lavina ceased; I looked again
Out on the little grassy plain,
And thought of those whose loves did twine
Beneath the shadow of yon vine;
That love so patient, true and strong—
So blest at last, though waiting long.
Then, rising from the mossy bed,
Silent we strolled, 'neath forest ban,
To where the sunset rays were shed
Upon the busy world of man.

The Banshee.

THAT night the sun had hid his gory locks
Behind a murky bank of dismal cloud;
The foaming breakers thundered on the rocks,
The demon of the tempest screamed aloud.

The air was black as though a lake of ink
Had burst its barriers and engulfed the scene—
A darkness palpable, from which we shrink
As, shudd'ring we wake from a troubled dream.

The lightnings glared o'er ivy-mantled towers,
Against the gray walls the dead ivies cheep
Within the blast; on whose wings the rain flood pours;
And thro' the vaulted halls grim phantoms creep.

Within the oaken chamber, 'neath the light
Shed dreamily by silver chandelier,
Eudora sat and listened to the night
That filled the castle with vague sounds of fear.

Her face was young and most supremely fair,
The long lashes shrined eyes of heav'n's own blue,
From her head flowed wealth of curling hair,
Fine as soft silk and of rich golden hue.

Long strings of pearls amid the tresses placed,
Flashed opal tints above her pure white brow;
A golden girdle spanned her slender waist,
And sapphires gleam'd from fingers white as snow.

A velvet, dyed like richest crimson wine,
Fell soft, in heavy folds, about her form,
Embroidered with a golden flowing vine
Supporting clustered rubies bright and warm.

She sat 'mong cushions of velvet green,
Her fair brow bent, as, with a skillful hand

She wrought a crest upon a silken screen;—
Within the hour-glass murmured shifting sand.

Weird shadows played about the paneled room,
Hung here and there with trophies of the chase;
While here and there, from out the arches gloom,
Stared carved sprite and quaint ancestral face.

But of the night:—there is a lull without,
As for a moment curbed, the storm imp's ire,
Then on again, with blinding flash and shout,
While up the fire-place leap red tongues of fire.

And now, thro' storm, there comes a mournful wail
As souls may give when lost to hope of heav'n—
Eudora falls, with cheek as ghastly pale
As if the lightning's bolt her heart had riv'n.

Senseless she lies, as the wild voice again
Comes wailing in amid the shadows gray,
From out the blast across the sodden plain,
And through the dark halls moaning dies away.

It is the Banshee's voice, whose cry of hell
Foretells of death unto the fair young bride,
As sure as the tocsin's alarum knell
Doth rive the lover from his darling's side.

* * *

The morning dawns at last; with measured tread
Across the draw is borne a dripping bier,
Whereon is laid the white form of the dead,
Found at the crag's foot, by the raging mere.

The sunbeams floating on the silent air
Rest upon the cold, pallid, upturned face,
And on Eudora's wealth of golden hair,
And arms that clasp the dead in close embrace.

No cry goes up, as from the damp, black bier
They raise Eudora's arm and drooping head,
Nor from the eyes escape a single tear:—
The form is there, but its sweet soul has fled.

* * *

That day is gone; and now gray ruins grim,
With rime of ages and vague fears entwine;
The great owls hoot within the twilight dim,
While night-winds rustle in the ivy's vine.

Corra Linn.

'TWAS a lovely day in May-time—
The sun was shining bright and warm,
From out the cloudless heavens,
Upon village, wood and farm—
When I sought the woodland cloisters,
Away from tread of busy feet,
And lay amid the wild flowers
By the cascade's cool retreat.

The bright drops, like gems, were glancing
Where a beam of sunlight fell
'Tween the over-arching branches

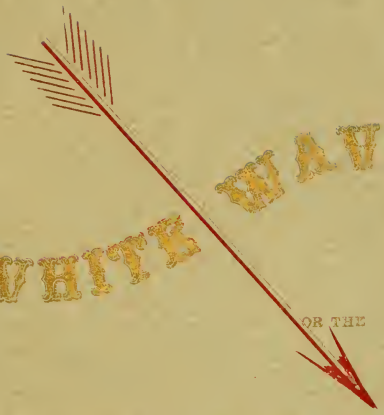
That close enshrined the mossy dell—
And the long thin wings of vapor
Hovered o'er the pool below,
Where the mountain stream was dancing
With foam sandals white as snow.

As I lay and gazed upon it,
The brooklet's voice rose sweet and clear,
And a magic in its singing
Brought the world of dreamland near.
Faint and fainter grew the chiming,
As Fancy spread each rosy wing,
And from out her charmed grotto
Did her choicest paintings bring.

Twining o'er the Future's portal
Tapestry of tinting bright,
Strewing it with od'rous blossoms
From the world of Love and Light,
Till my heart was full of rapture,
Drowning all its carking care,

And the gates of Eden opened
O'er my head in pulsing air.

Soft the hours, their rose wreaths trailing,
On zephyr pinions sped away,
And I noted not their going,
Till the twilight shades were gray.
Then, with halting step descending,
I walked again 'mid jar and din;
But my heart with dreams was clinging
Around the Falls of Corra Linn.


WHITE WAVE,
OR THE
LAST TRYST ON THE SENECA